

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF



NEWFOUNDLAND



IN THIS ISSUE:

- MEMORIES OF ST. JOHN'S
- BURIN PENINSULA PICS
- LABOR LEADER HONORED

SEPTEMBER, 1953 VOL. X. NO. 5

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Atlantic Guardian

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Ewart Young
Editor & Publisher

Brian Cahill
Associate Editor

Art Scammell
Ron Pollett
Contributing Editors

John Mauder
A.O.C.A.
Art Director

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Picture Credits: Page 7—Ellis Green; Page 9—Courtesy James Murdoch; Pages 15, 16, 17, 18—Ewart Young; Page 31—U. S. Army Signal Corps.

Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the Island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors.

Cover Picture: Nothing typifies Newfoundland's way of life better than a "boil-up" in the outdoors. City folk no less than outport people enjoy a meal by the side of the road, and they don't have to go far to find a sand-pit or a river bank where they can boil the kettle in perfect freedom. Photo by Joe Courtney.



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ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

"The Little Places"

MUCH of the mail coming to this magazine from non natives as well as from Newfoundlanders at home and abroad, refers in one way or another to some place or places we have featured.

It is natural for a person born, say, in Noggin Cove, Notre Dame Bay (*July Atlantic Guardian*), now living away from home, to be pleased to see a picture and story on that place in the magazine. But it is surprising how many *other* people are interested in reading about "the little places" around our coastline.

To a large extent, no doubt, the interest centers around the names of the little places and the origin of those names. How, for example, did Noggin Cove get its name? To quote the author of the *Guardian* article:

"A noggin, a butter-tub like container used as a platter in pioneer days was found on a rock near the sea shore by an exploring trapper, and from that day the little tree-clad nook of Notre Dame Bay has been known as Noggin Cove."

In this issue we show pictures of places on the Burin Peninsula whose names challenge the imagination—Bay L'Argent, Spanish Room, Lord's Cove, Loon Bay, among others. Once hearing such place-names, and particularly if you can spot them on the map, you want to see them and find out more about them.

It is not too difficult to find an explanation, right or wrong, for the origin of such well-known Newfoundland place-names as Heart's Content, Seldom Come-By, Come-By-Chance, or Pushtthrough. But some interesting research would be necessary to learn why St. Jones Without Joe Batt's Arm, Witless Bay—to name only a few—came by such names.

For our own part, we'll never grow weary of learning about "the little places" of Newfoundland—and passing on what we have learned and seen to what we have long been satisfied is a wide and appreciative audience scattered throughout the big and far-away places.

See Page 15 for the first in a new series of Picture Albums featuring some of the "Little Places" of Newfoundland.



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St. John's

St. John's! To her in dreams I go
With love I'll ne'er define,
When Summer does her gifts bestow
To deck that 'town of mine.'
In Bowring Park where bowers green
Afford their shaded ease,
The basking "Caribou" is seen
To catch the summer's breeze
The cobbled length of Water Street
Where palsied wheels go by,
And drown the beat of horses' feet
And hush the carters' cry.
The alley-ways that seaward reach,
And echo mongers' hails,
And beckon t'ord the pebbled beach
And point the drying sails.
And rising rays of moon that still
The town in August sun,
When from its nest on Signal Hill
Booms out the midday gun
The wharves where clouds of seagulls
flock
And plummet for their fare,
And wing their way t'ord old Chain
Rock,
To seek their secret lair.
I see the sprightly verdant mode
"My town" in summer dons
And drift again down Tops'l Road—
And into old St. John's.

St. John's! To her in dreams I go
With love I'll ne'er define,
When Winter wields her driving snow
To deck that "town of mine."
In Bowring Park where whitened drifts
'Round naked timbers spread,
The mantled "Caribou" uplifts
Her proud, defiant head.
Thru' Water Street, a frozen track
Where icy runners sing,
In answer to the starting "crack"
The bells of winter ring.

The alley-ways that lead from shore
Resound the hollow breeze
As from their apertures they pour
Forebodings of the seas.
As streets of noontime mutely bear
Their bleak December coat,
An echo splits the crystal air
From out the cannon's throat
Above the wharves the seagulls shriek
The fervor of their quest,
And o'er the Narrows wing to seek
The shelter of the nest.
As from its murky grey abode
The sleepy foghorn yawns—
I drift again down Tops'l Road—
And into old St. John's.

—WILLIAM E. PITCHER.
Toronto, Ontario.

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Ellis Green Honored By St. F. X.

ELLIS GREEN, 62 - year - old New Waterford mine employee, who pioneered in adult education activities in the community was honored on July 6 this year with the Degree of Master of Arts (Honoris Causae) by St. F. X. University. Mr. Green, who is a veteran leader in the labor movement, is a native of Newfoundland but has lived in New Waterford more than 30 years.

The veteran secretary of No. 12 Local Union who ended his formal education in the village school of his native Hant's Harbor, Nfld., was the first New Waterford resident ever accorded an Honorary Degree by St. F. X.

Commenting on his inclusion in the list of those to be honored by St. F. X. with an honorary degree, Mr. Green said that he felt that there were many, both living and dead, from this community who had served the labor and co-operative movements better than he had and that it had been his privilege to work and follow many of these. In being singled out to receive the award Mr. Green said that he felt it as a great honor not only for himself but for the community and he felt that in accepting it he was accepting an honor conferred on New Waterford for its many achievements in the field of adult education.

Ellis Green was born in Hant's Harbor, Newfoundland, in 1891.



ELLIS GREEN

the son of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Green. He received his education in the village school there and left his native community as a young man of 23. He settled permanently in New Waterford in 1919 after working in several other Cape Breton centres in the booming coal industry of the period. At No. 12 Colliery here, Mr. Green filled various duties on the surface and for many years has held the position of compressor man at the big producing colliery where he has been continuously employed since settling here.

Member of surface committee for many years, Mr. Green was elected secretary of No. 12 Local, U.M.W., in 1935 and has held that post almost continuously since then. Mr. Green has represented his local at International U.M.W. conventions and many other labor gatherings



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A black and white portrait of a woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a patterned blouse and a dark hat with a prominent feather. Below her is a large, stylized word "EXPORT" in all caps, with "CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE" printed underneath it.

"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

and is one of the veteran local union officers in the District 26.

Along with the late Rannie J. MacDonald, Mr. Green helped organize one of the first adult education study clubs here back in the '30's and saw this movement catch on to flower into the big, successful New Waterford Co-op and Credit Union of today.

Mr. Green is now President of New Waterford Credit Union, assistant secretary and member of the Board of New Waterford Co-op, and this year was a delegate to International Credit Union Convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Co-operative and credit unions of today are a far cry from the early ones which he saw formed in depression years. One of Mr. Green's earliest adventures in co-operation was as a volunteer door-to-door salesman for the farm products of Cape Breton farmers which, shut out from other markets, found one in this community by co-operative marketing procedures assisted by local friends of the movement.

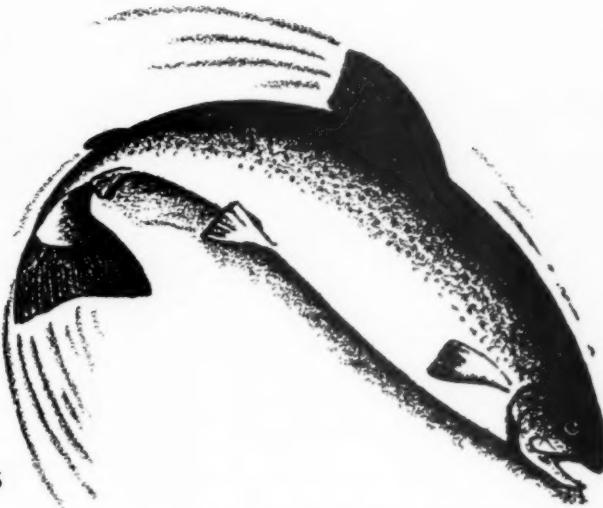
Leadership in adult education activities and labor union projects hasn't detracted from other community activities of this active community worker who is an elder of Calvin United Church, a former member of the Board of New Waterford Hospital, wartime worker in patriotic and charity drives and a family man who counts a son, two daughters and a number of grandchildren. He and Mrs. Green and their family share in congratulations from the whole community on the signal recognition accorded him by St. Francis Xavier University on July 6, 1953. —*Sydney Post Record*

"King" Takes A Leap

by
JAMES PHILLIPS

"KING," the Newfoundland salmon, was still curious as he lazed idly in the cool green water a few miles outside of Traver's River in Bonavista Bay. Something in the mixture of June-fresh water from the river and the hard green of the salt Atlantic made him suspicious. He was slightly scarred on his back and one front fin was sore from the man-made net through which he had only just fought his way.

He remembered now quite vividly how dazzling the net had appeared at first, with the sun shining down through the deep water, making each mesh in the net like a silvery live creature of the deep. This had aroused his sporting instinct—an opening showed and he dived with one swish of his powerful tail. This proved his undoing. The first sense of danger had passed now that the sun had gone down and, swimming madly and madly around looking for an open-



ing, in one violent plunge he surged through the thing that held him prisoner.

Previous years he had taken his time and waited before leaving the good home of the North Atlantic, but there it was again—the urge to go. Diving to the sandy bottom of the river, "King" rolled over and over to scrape off the last of the sea lice that were left clinging to him, for he knew the drain they would take of his strength during his arduous journey up river.

The next day, after a short run out to the ocean, he gathered energy that pledged him to that death defying struggle which would kill off many of his kind: he knew he would find them lifeless and dead during his annual journey up river.

With that feeling of unrest he was now lying with fins spread wide against the rushing tide which he knew would be his constant enemy.

He was off with a mad dash—

gaily swimming through the deep clear pools and then into white rushing water as it flowed swiftly through narrow channels.

Ahead upstream he remembered how last year he had much difficulty in leaping the falls; now a year older and with that experience behind him he knew he would make it. It was characteristic of him to make a few practice leaps as he went along; going faster and faster to gain momentum for the six foot jump. Straight ahead he saw the white water falling down to turn into a cauldron of boiling white foam. With a frantic swerve to miss a jagged crag, he sailed through the air up, up and over into the steady water.

Suddenly, after miles of uneventful travel he heard a terrible roar, slightly reminiscent of the sea. Darting quickly under a ledge snugly hidden in a deep pool, he waited, quivering with the excitement of the unknown danger that threatened him. Then tumbling and crashing all around him came logs thundering against his refuge. It seemed ages to "King" when he looked overhead and noticed the logs were coming singly. Knowing he could evade them now, like a torpedo he shot to the surface, startled to see men carrying and pushing logs from a big boom that was anchored at the edge of a pond close to the open river.

The following days King spent in swimming slowly around in search of food, which was in abundance due to the high water in the pond. A favorite place of his was in a gully north of the river where everything was peaceful and serene.

Some Say That . .

. . . the King Salmon die after spawning but the American Fish & Wildlife Service have made experiments and they know that the King Salmon does not die but returns to the stream of his birth to spawn over and over again. They travel thousands of miles and live for years.

. . . there are many species of salmon, such as Dogs, Humpies, Reds, Silvers and Cohoes, but there appears to be only one kind of salmon in Newfoundland and they are King salmon.

. . . some Canadian and American sportsmen are of the opinion that a salmon leaps out of the water only to shake off the sea lice from his body. I doubt this as I have seen salmon many, many miles from the sea leaping for fun and such salmon on being caught contained no lice.

Occasionally he matched wits with flies.

Swimming gaily around the gully one dull evening, he noticed a pretty colored thing dangling over him. It hovered for a while, skimming the water again and again in front of his eyes. Then just for fun he made a swirl upwards at the seemingly live attraction—it flew out of reach. This was too much for the fighting spirit of King, the monarch of all river fish, and disregarding any thought of danger he dashed madly after this tormenting object. It flitted across his vision

and touched the surface and settled in the water for a second. In less than that time King struck, held on and rushed hastily away. Suddenly he was brought up short as the steel barb of the hook went into his lower jaw, deeply set. Losing all sense of reason he went to the surface and swirling around and around he endeavored to get away from the stinging in his jaw—of all the difficulties he had encountered this was the worst—there was no getting away. Swimming up or down the gully, he was slowly and relentlessly brought back. Even underneath the stones in the deeper holes he found no respite; he was pulled slowly and steadily to the surface. Frightened, King held back and then suddenly he made a dashing leap in the air and zing! went the thing that had held him. The steel barb still in his mouth as a medal for courage, he swam majestically to the spawning grounds to fulfill his mission in life.

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Duet

Oh, come Mickey Clancy and take me away,
Far out of this horrible smelly old bay,
And carry me off to New York or Calcutta,
And feed me on strawberries, cream and fresh butter.

Oh, no Nellie Dooley, I'll marry you here,
And we'll have a fine wedding with plenty of beer,
But I'll not move an inch from this beautiful bay,
So make up your mind and we'll mention the day.

Oh, cruel Mick Clancy to leave me to rot
In this forsaken hole, sure you don't care a jot,
So I swear that I'll not put my neck in your halter,
Unless it be Rome or Madrid or Gibraltar.

Then farewell and goodby to ye Nellie me girl,
You can start walking now and encompass the world,
But remember I said there is no place to stay,
Half so sweet or so grand as this beautiful bay.

Then Nellie forsooth packed her bag in a huff,
And set off in her best bib-and-tucker and muff,
Away from the garden and kitchen and sink,
In search of a palace and perfume and mink.

But London was lonely and Frankfurt was bold,
In Paris they spoke like they all had a cold,
While all that she got for her lunch in Milan
Was a stale piece of meat called "American Spam."

If this is the way that they treat you abroad,
Says she to herself, then the world's a great fraud,
And all that one reads in those hard-covered books
Must be written by gangsters and liars and crooks.

Oh, come Mickey Clancy and take me away,
Far back to the beautiful Newfoundland bay,
And feed me on 'taters and fish and hard tack,
Oh, fly to me Clancy, I want to go back.

—PAUL MAHER.

London, England.

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More
Pictures
For
A. G.

Starting with a selection of photos taken on the Burin Peninsula, *Atlantic Guardian* launches herewith a new series of pictorial inserts—miniature Newfoundland albums which will show the beauty spots, and the rugged places too, of this Island Province.

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



▲ BAY L'ARGENT

BAINES HARBOR ▼





▲ GARNISH

BURIN ▼



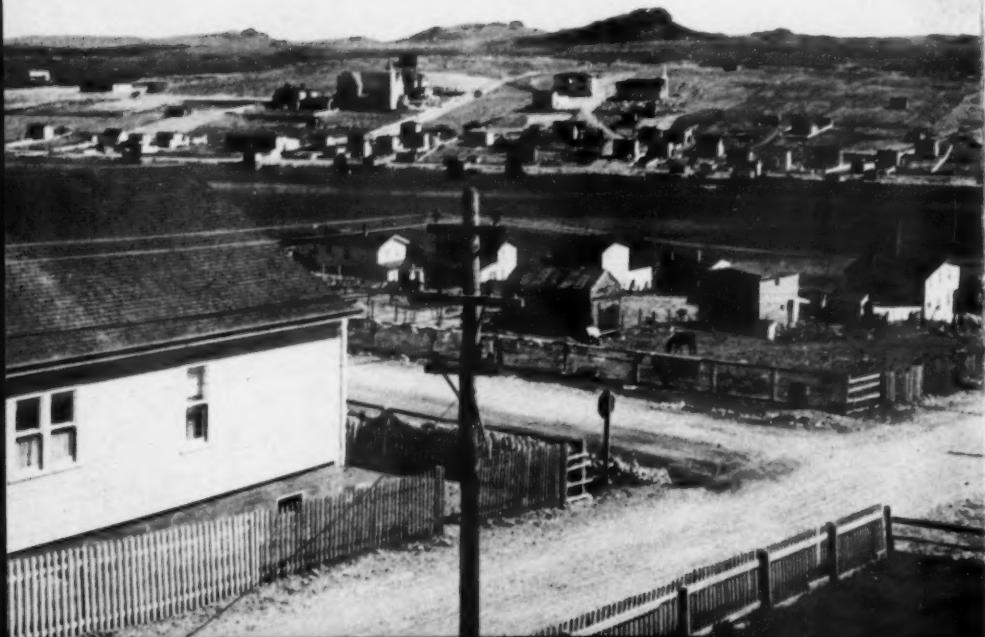


LORD'S COVE



LOON BAY





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Making the Best of Things

by MELBA LENT

THE silver lining, said to clothe the interior of each cloud, could look pretty tarnished to a young person miles from home with a case of tuberculosis. It takes a brave heart and hardy spirit to keep bunting at that cloud until the silver shines through. But that has been the attitude of Newfoundland patients at the Weston Sanitarium, just outside Toronto, and some are even turning the experience to their advantage.

Coming inland to make their fortunes, many of the 25 Newfoundlanders now taking treatment at the sanitarium, found themselves suddenly incapacitated and hospitalized for symptoms not much worse than a bad cold. After the initial shocked and depressed feeling, however, they were able also to accept the situation philosophically, fit into the active life of the hospital, and even turn calamity to their advantage. The policy of the hospital is to encourage cheerfulness and outside interests which don't tax the patients' strength too severely. There are parties and movies, ear phones — so that patients may listen to the radio, lessons in handicrafts and opportunities to study subjects which will help the patients make a living when they are well enough to take jobs. A mobile library supplies books and the patients' council even gives the patients a voice in hospital management.

Cases among Newfoundlanders range from Vera Snow, of Clarke's

Beach, who was hospitalized with peritonitis soon after she arrived in Toronto, and became a tuberculosis suspect during that time, to Mrs. Joan Penney, of Badger, whose baby was born in the San.

Youngest Newfoundland patient, 13-year-old Eddie Oldford from Burnsde, Alexander Bay, and 11-year-old Vera Roberts of Corner Brook, both go to school in bed and keep up with their regular lessons. Eddie came to Toronto a year and a half ago and has been in the sanitarium for a year of that time. He is in a ward with five other boys and they play cards and bingo together and make model airplanes. Vera has been in the sanitarium since last November and the highlight of her week is her mother's visit with a basket of extra special food. Between times, she colors books and plays with her Christmas doll, Barbara Ann Scott. But her red haired roommate gave her away—what Vera really likes best is to listen to murder mysteries on the radio!

Llewellyn Holwell, from St. John's, also goes to school in bed, although he thought his school days were over a number of years ago. In Toronto for only three years, he had to give up his job as a supervisor for Canadian Food Products when he entered the sanitarium. Now he is applying his time in bed to getting well and to learning French and bookkeeping so that he can advance to better jobs when he gets his discharge. In the

meantime, his chief visitor is his wife, whom he met and married during that three-year span.

Eric Pittman, of Lamaline, is more interested in the gains of the immediate present. A carpenter by trade, he learned to make jewelry when he arrived at the sanitarium. In fact, he sold about \$200 worth of his wares during his first six months in the hospital, and found that his most difficult task was keeping enough jewelry in stock to show off. His wife, who used to be a Salvation Army Officer in St. John's, visits him every weekend and brings the three youngsters, but the rules of the hospital forbid children under 14 years entering the building so the father has to content himself with sneak peeks through the vestibule. His greatest consolation, he says, is that his wife is such a wonderful woman that their home will be run almost as smoothly as though he were there.

Another jewelry enthusiast is Mrs. Dorothy Baird of St. John's. She also is getting plenty of knitting and sewing done, but learning to make jewelry was something new. She came to Toronto in January, 1951, with her husband, who was taking a special Department of Veterans' Affairs course at Sunnybrook Hospital. Seven months later, Mrs. Baird discovered she had TB. When her husband finished his course on the construction and use of artificial limbs, her treatment was still in its initial stages, so special arrangements are being considered to allow Mrs. Baird to be transferred back to St. John's so Mr. Baird can continue his work.

Minnie Anderson, of Burgeo, a sprightly young lady who appears to get a tremendous bang out of life even in the midst of adversity, says she hasn't bothered to learn any handicrafts—she just talks! She and her husband came to Toronto a year ago to visit her sister. Minnie says she got a cold on top of a cold—"I went to a doctor, and here's where I landed!" She refused to let her husband go home without her, so he found a job in Toronto and stayed. Minnie's other diversion, besides talking, is playing "500." She taught her roommate how to play and now they do it whenever they aren't obliged to rest. Minnie is able to get around and visit some of the other patients in the wing, and since three of them are Newfoundlanders, their tongues clatter a mile-a-minute.

Dawn Connolly, of St. John's, Louise Reid, of Mackinson's, and Phyllis Rankin, of Coley's Point, are the other three. Dawn, who

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worked in Tooton's, on Water St., would like to take up photography as a career, but since it isn't a subject that can be practised in bed. Dawn contents herself with learning to make jewelry and knitting. She had been in Toronto only six months when she was sent to the San last November, but she hopes it won't mean more than a year in bed. Louise tells much the same story. She had been in Toronto only five months when she became a sanitarium patient last May. Phyllis, however, is on the final lap of her treatment. She was operated on in December and hopes to be discharged this summer.

When she does leave she will be following in the footsteps of Byron Froud, who has received his discharge since I first visited the patients in the Sanitarium last December. Byron used to work on the boats back home in Old Perlican but came to Toronto in 1949 to make his fortune. Like the other tuberculosis patients, he landed in the Sanitarium soon afterwards, and stayed for a year and a half. Much of that time was spent flat on his back for he had TB of the spine and had to be operated on. However, he is now pronounced "fit," though he won't be able to work at hard manual labour as he used to.

Cora Johnson, of Catalina, Trinity Bay, also is on the discharge list. She had hoped to go home for Christmas and had made presents for all eight members of her family. She even painted a picture for her mother—something she had never tried before. How-

ever, her discharge was postponed until it was absolutely certain that she was strong enough.

Discharged, but still at the hospital, is Newfoundland Lloyd Leewood. Lloyd made such a niche for himself while he was a TB patient at the San, and was so well liked, that when he was well enough to go out on his own again, he was offered a job on the Sanitarium switchboard, and there you can find him for several hours out of each day. He also gets that "little bit of Newfoundland" into the Sanitarium magazine—*The Link*—by writing articles in dialect.

Undesirable though a bout of TB is, these Newfoundlanders admit that the experience is made much more agreeable than they would ever have dreamed possible. Arrangements are made so that the patients pay only as much as they can afford, and special emphasis is on the future and training for an adequate job that won't be too strenuous. And above all, although only about 25 of the 666 patients are Newfoundlanders, there is an invisible grapevine that connects them all, and each Newfoundlander can pass a visitor on to at least two or three more. It seems to add a feeling of kinship that helps them in their time of need.

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A Short Story

by MURIEL SAINT McKAY

THESE days people call little frisking, no-account dogs "mongrels", but back where I come from they called them crackies and they didn't apologize for them either. I never even heard about thoroughbreds until Uncle Samuel wheedled the Widow Simmons into giving him her yellow dog called Teeney. Rightly speaking, though, I guess I was the one who went wheedling to Mrs. Simmons, and Uncle Samuel wheedled me into doing it.

Uncle Samuel lived in a dirty little two-storey house with what he called a "linny" built on the back. That linnys was the best part because he used to store his "winter keeping" apples out there. They were too hard and sour to eat but they made a great base for a snowball. He used to try to sell them, but all the local people knew they

weren't any good, and the people from St. John's came down only in the summer when they were small green knobs on the trees. Pop said he couldn't sell them then but he'd bet plenty if they came a bit earlier he'd have tried to sell them the apple blossoms. Pop said he was nothing but an old sleeven, which is certainly the best way I know of saying a fellow is sly and mean and hypocritical without wasting words. But I thought Pop was pretty hard on Uncle Samuel.

One summer morning—the summer I was going on ten—I was fishing for tomcods over our stage-head and Uncle Samuel came along and sat down, friendly like, beside me.

"Good day for fishin', b'y," he says.

"Aye," I grunted. I was in no mood for a cuffer with him that day. Pop had just brought me a new bamboo rod from St. John's and I wanted to try it in peace.

"You ain't throwin' yer line out far enough. Here, better let me learn you about fishin' for tomcods."

"No thanks," I said.

"Come on, b'y, don't be so cuss'd contrary."

I said no. I was having none of him.

He didn't say anything for a while after that. Just sat back on the stage-head with his eyes narrowed, the way he always did when he was thinking.

"D'y you ever think of sellin' them tomcods to them people from St. John's?" he asked all of a sudden.

"No, I haven't," I said shortly.

"Oh, well, ain't got much busi-

ness head on yer shoulders. Like yer father—yer body'll have to slave because you ain't got no business sense—no head to do it easy-like. Now take me, d'you ever see me slave with my hands? D'you, b'y?

I had to agree that I never had.

"An' why not? Because I got a proper business head. It takes brains, b'y, brains. I makes enough money to live on, yet I don't do no work. D'you know how I manages that great accomplishment, b'y?"

"How?" I asked.

"Like I said, brains! Watch close, Willie. You can learn plenty from yer Uncle Samuel." He leaned over to me and put his arm across my shoulder. "Now, Willie, I was wonderin' would you find it in yer heart to do me a small favor."

I was wary but I idled my hook above water so I could concentrate better.

"Jest a *small* favor, mind you. You're the best friend I got, Willie. If you wasn't I wouldn't tell you what I'm goin' to tell you now. A man don't go around layin' his secret thoughts open to the winds —fair or foul."

I was impressed. I looked at Uncle Samuel and his eyes were wet. I drew in my line together and laid my bamboo aside.

"Willie, like I said, you're the only real friend I got. I lives alone, b'y, an' life gets awful lonely when you ain't got a soul to speak to. So I was figurin' it out, an' I says to meself, I says, 'Samuel, what you needs is a dawg.' Now, the Widder Simmons got that young

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crackie and that big brute of a Newfoundland dawg too. Now, Willie, what would she be wantin' with two dawgs and the big one equal to three dawgs by hisself? Besides, look at the grandchildren she got to climb on her knee. If I had grandchildren like that d'you think I'd hold on to all them dawgs if I knowed of a old man what got not a chick or a child to his name?"

I felt suddenly very sorry for Uncle Samuel. Life was pretty unfair to him when you looked at it that way.

"Willie," he went on, "like I said, you're the only real friend I got. Now, will you do a small favor for me?"

"I s'pose—if I could," I said.

"What do you think about the Widder Simmons havin' all them dawgs?"

"She only got two."

"Yes, but like I told you, it's equal to havin' three or four. Three or four dawgs and a swarm of grandchildren—an' I ain't got a soul. Now, d'you think she got right to all them dawgs?"

"No, I guess not. Not when you look at it like that."

"What other way is there of lookin' at it, b'y? Now, if I was to go an' ask Widder Simmons for that small crackie she got, d'you think she'd give it to me? No, she wouldn't. But if you was to go and sorter say, 'Mrs. Simmons,'

you'd say, 'you sure got a lot outer this life. Take all them dawgs you got. Why, that Newfoundland dawg is as good as three. An' all them beautiful grandchildren! An' there's poor Mr. Samuel Higgins what ain't got a chick or a child of his own. Only this mornin' I seen him cryin', he was that lonely. Now, I was wishin' I could get a little dawg to keep him company—say a little dawg like Teeney here. I s'pose seein' as how you got so much, you'd almost want to give him Teeney.' An' when you tells her that an' she sees jest how hard I got it, her womanly heart'll burst open in her bosom an' she'll pass over Teeney like as if he was a slice of loaf bread."

All of a sudden I remembered how Pop called him a sleeven. I narorwed my eyes the way Uncle Samuel narrowed his. "What would you do with Teeney afterwards?" I asked.

"Why, hark of the b'y! What would I do with Teeney! Ain't I been tellin' you how I needs someone for company. I'd love that little crackie like he was—yes, like he was a child. Come now, Willie, go on while it's on yer mind. I'll go up to the house an' wait. You'll be like a kind of—of a arbeetrator."

I took the short cut down the beach and up the drung—that's a word we use for a narrow road or lane—and I was at Widow Sim-

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mons before I'd had time to go over Uncle Samuel's story more than twice to get it fixed straight in my mind.

It worked too. Widow Simmons had tears in her eyes when I was finished and she not only gave me Teeney but a big partridge-berry jam tart still warm from the oven.

Teeney was a pretty little dog, and I didn't blame Uncle Samuel for taking a liking to her. I would have liked her for myself and goodness knows I didn't need a dog for company. We had more kids and people in our house than we had beds to put them in.

After I helped Uncle Samuel eat the tart, we got a piece of blue ribbon and tied it around Teeney's neck. She looked so pretty, and Uncle Samuel seemed so fond of her, that I had to keep running my sleeve across my eyes. I knew I was too big to go cryin' over Uncle Samuel's love for a dog.

After a while Uncle Samuel said he was going to take Teeney out to stretch her legs. He didn't ask me to go so I thought I'd better go home. I fooled around at fishing for a bit, and then I decided to walk down to the sandy beach where the city people were all lying in the sun.

I could see even from a distance that all the people were gathered around in a sort of circle, and when I got close who should be in the centre but Uncle Samuel and Teeney.

The city people was saying things about Teeney like, "What a cute little fellow!" "Isn't he a dear, sweet pet?" But Uncle Samuel seemed to be paying no atten-

tion at all. I thought how embarrassed my Pop would be if he were surrounded with a crowd of half naked people like that. I figured Uncle Samuel was a pretty smart man to be so—well, sort of poised, I guess you'd call it.

A woman—a fat woman with bulges sticking out over the rim of her bathing suit—went up and tickled Teeney's ears. "You sweet thing!" she said and picked her up. "Will you sell her?" she said quick-like to Uncle Samuel.

Right then my heart turned over, and I thought of all Pop said about Uncle Samuel. But I was sorry for even thinking like that because Uncle Samuel said:

"No, ma'am. 'Low I wouldn't part with Teeney. Why, she's a right down thoroughbred dawg. Comes from a long line of famous dawgs. She got all the sweetness and faithfulness of a big Newfoundland dawg inside that little hide of hers. No, ma'am."

The woman put down the dog, disappointed like. And then a man steps up.

"That dog seems to mean a lot to my wife. Sure you won't sell?"

"Sell Teeney? You're askin' me to sell that little dawg?" Uncle Samuel took out a red handkerchief and blew hard on his nose.

"I'll make it worth your while." The man drew a wallet from his pocket.

"No," Uncle Samuel said.

"Please," the fat woman pleaded. "We're going back to town today. It's such a dear little dog."

"Perhaps we could find another like it around," the man said.

"Another? I 'low there ain't

another like Teeneey in the country. Like I said she comes from a long line of famous dawgs."

"You can't fool me," the man said. "That's only a crackie, but I'm willing to pay you ten dollars."

Uncle Samuel shook his head but I was watching pretty close again now and I saw his eyes narrow into slits, and my heart turned over again. I started to edge closer.

"I'll give you fifteen, and that's final." The man made as if to put the wallet away.

"She's all I got," Uncle Samuel said, but this time even blowing his nose on that red handkerchief didn't fool me.

"Take it or leave it," the man said.

I got down on my hands and knees and crawled in as close as I dared.

"Well, a poor man gotter eat. He can't let a little dawg stand in the way of his bead an' butter. For fifteen dollars—well, for fifteen dollars—"

The man took out a ten dollar bill and began counting out the rest in silver. I thought of the poor Widow Simmons and her kind heart and the fresh tart that I could still taste in my mouth. And I thought of Pop and the walloping I'd get when he knew. I figured I'd have to act pretty smart to save my skin, to say nothing of Teeneys. So I stood up quick and grabbed Teeneey and darted through the crowd and up the road towards the Widow's house, before Uncle Samuel even had time to put away his handkerchief.

Like Pop said, I guess Uncle Samuel was a sleeven.



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The Leaves Have Fallen

by EDWARD CREWE

IT is late Autumn, and the streets of Grand Falls are strewn with dead leaves.

The birch and poplar, which are so common in the garden lots along practically every street in this inland town, have changed their summer-long coat of green and have taken on a mantle of red and yellow.

In front of every home is a blanket of dry leaves, resting unheeded to rot and enrich the soil from which their stalwart bearers have drawn their life moisture. They are undisturbed, too, except for the occasional gust of wind which carry them along on its wings only to drop them again in the lull of some building or ornamental fence.

Townsfolk here are perhaps better reminded of the recurrence of the seasons than in most towns in the Province—if a reminder is needed. Falling leaves on every hand serve as a memento of the approach of a "dead" season—Winter. And so on, as the cycle of tree life begins again in the Spring with the building of new leaves.

The mystery of nature is very evident in Grand Falls. Built in a groove of coniferous trees, which grow abundantly on both sides of the valley, the town would be a natural haven for technicolor.

Here in the "woods", the beauty of the trees goes unnoticed. They

are part of everyday surroundings, and people relax in their shade during scorching summer days without giving much thought to the pleasure at their finger's tips. There is a miniature park in every front garden.

Visitors to Grand Falls have often been impressed by its beauty. And they have reason to be. Complete and efficient management has built the shapely town, but nature has touched it off in a manner unequalled in most places. It has been called a "great, big, beautiful garden," where boys and girls live amid trees and flowers. They have learned to respect them, too. Apart from an odd stolen apple, there is no destruction done to tree growth.

At this season of the year, the beauty of tree growth reaches its peak. Although the town will not take on a distasteful look when the trees have all shed their leaves, its phenomen will have lost some of its eye-catching appeal.

Natural beauty, such as that seen in Grand Falls, stretches far out into all parts of the valley. A motor ride along a 20-mile stretch of paved highway offers a feast of Autumn scenery. The sight which strikes the eyes on scanning the sloping countryside forces even the most indifferent to gasp in awe at the sublimity of the scene. It brings out the truth of the statement, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Renews

by MICHAEL P. MURPHY

ON the picturesque Southern Shore, twelve miles from Ferryland, site of Lord Baltimore's Colony, and fifteen miles south of the world's most famous lighthouse, Cape Race, lies the settlement of Renews, one of the oldest settlements in Newfoundland.

Possessing much scenic appeal for the lover of natural beauty, Renews is situated on forest-crested hills that slope down to a landlocked harbor over three miles long.

The first settlers in Renews came out from the Old Country under Lord Falkland in the early part of the seventeenth century. Records show that it was visited by Sir Richard Whitbourne, John Guy, Sir William Vaughan and other prominent figures in our early history. Even before permanent settlement began there, Renews was a haven for fishing vessels from Portugal, Spain, France and England, and it is recorded that the celebrated Jacques Cartier stopped there in 1536 to replenish his supplies of wood and water, and subsequently made a record voyage to St. Malo.

An old directory of the year 1865 lists under the caption "Renews" the names of "Alan Goodridge & Sons, merchants; William Johnston, planter; William Kellegrew, merchant." The Johnstons and Kellegrews have long since been extinct in the settlement, and the famous Goodridge firm, in existence for well over a century, have

been out of business for several years. Conducted for many years past by Mr. Fred Goodridge, who still has a general store on the north side of the harbor, the Goodridges owned a fleet of fast sailing vessels that carried fish from Renews to practically all parts of the world. In the hey-day of the firm, scores of "jacks" or small fishing vessels sailed out of Renews for the fishing grounds. Today, however, the "jacks" are practically non-existent and, in common with many other fishing settlements in Newfoundland, there are very few men engaged in the fishery in Renews. Most of the fish caught is sold at the fish plant of Si Moores in the nearby settlement of Fermeuse, and this plant has proved itself to be a boon to the fishermen all up and down the Shore.

No visitor to Renews can omit a visit to the beautiful Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, erected in 1927 through the efforts of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor C. M. McCarthy, the genial Parish Priest. A native of Ireland and long-time pastor of the settlement, Monsignor McCarthy had the help of every man in the parish in the erection of this beautiful replica of the Shrine at Lourdes, France. It is situated near the Church and is built on the historic Mass Rock, where, according to local tradition, Mass was celebrated two centuries ago. In the rear of the Grotto is the Midnight

Hill, so called from the tradition that Mass was secretly celebrated there and the people gathered there for prayer in the penal days. Incidentally, the Mass Rock at Renews is the only rock regarding which we have such a tradition in Newfoundland.

Two of Newfoundland's most famous sons, Capt. William Jackman and Capt. Arthur Jackman, were born in Renews. Whenever and wherever feats of courage and daring are told in this country, the name of Capt. William Jackman will always be remembered for his sublime feat of heroism in swimming out to sea twenty-seven times and bringing back each time a survivor from the wrecked vessel *Sea Clipper* at Spotted Islands, Labrador, on October 9th, 1867. Capt. Arthur Jackman, his brother, is also famous in our history as one of our greatest seal killers. Capt. Arthur, a remarkable and redoubtable character in many ways, was a sea-dog of the old breed, and it was he who brought Commodore Peary north on his first Polar venture back in 1886. As a daring and courageous seaman he was second to none, and the people of Renews are justly proud of their association with him. Today, the Jackman family still occupy a prominent place in the business and social life of the little settlement.

Besides its scenic attractions, Renews has many ponds and rivers within easy reach to attract the angler. A few miles to the south lies Chance Cove which at one time was a busy fishing centre but is now uninhabited. It is still much frequented by anglers and is near the barrens between Cappahayden and Portugal Cove South where good shooting may be had during the partridge-hunting season.

Today, Renews with its neat, well-kept homes is much smaller in population than it was even fifty years ago. Like other outports, many of its sons have to obtain employment in other parts. But with the present concentration on fishery development and despite the poor fishery of the past summer, the people of Renews are looking forward to the future with a spirit of optimism that is shared by the people of other settlements along the Southern Shore.

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Letters to The Editor

Editor Atlantic Guardian:

My first words must be thanks to you and your staff for again putting our lovely little book on the market. We so missed it during the period it was not published. I have just arrived home after a visit to Newfoundland; the first in thirty-one years, and was delighted with our visit. We visited St. John's and spent three days there. Then we visited Bell Island and spent a few days there. (I worked there for 17 years). It has changed considerably. We went around Conception Bay to Bay Roberts. There have been many improvements in recent years, especially in the transportation and motor traffic. Bell Island had only two motor cars 31 years ago. Now I

find that there are 900 on the Island. So nice to find the paved roads in St. John's instead of the old cobble stones of Water Street. Great improvements were also noted outside of St. John's in buildings and homes. Altogether we were much impressed and brought back with us pleasant memories.

—RICHARD BUGDEN,
Toronto, Ont.

Editor Atlantic Guardian,

During the last war I had the pleasure of calling at Newfoundland in the Corvette *Snowflake* and the privilege of meeting some Newfoundland folk with whom I still correspond and whom I hope to visit again some day.

PHOTO FLASHBACK :

→
Remember this picture? We used it in 1945. It's Quidi Vidi, near St. John's.

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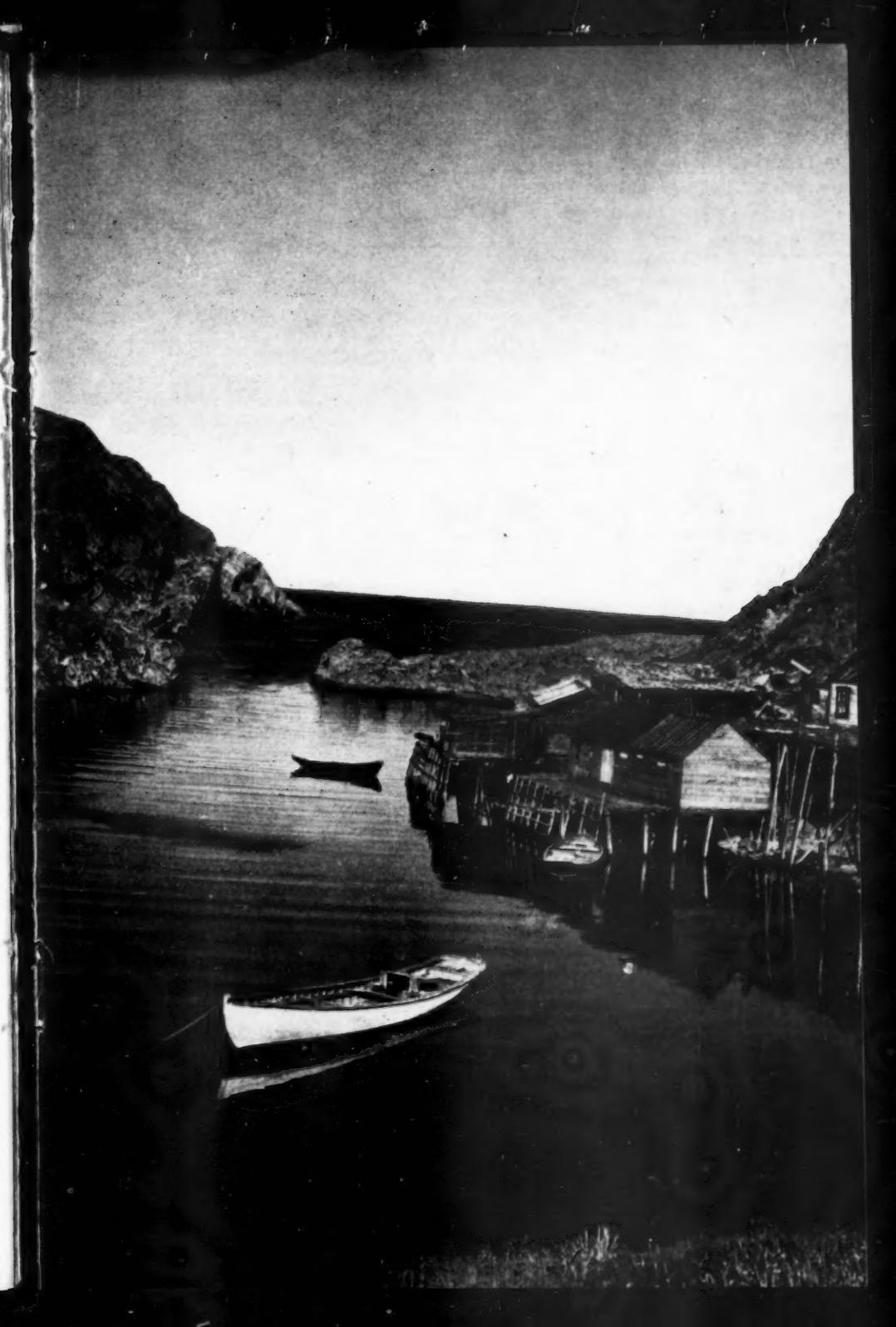
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It was therefore with pleasure that I read in Brian Cahill's column of the August 1952 issue of the *Guardian* of the Bible owned by Mr. Rowe of Grand Falls. It occurred to me that I could perhaps obtain some information about this and in so doing repay in a very small way a most hospitable Island.

Unfortunately my researches have uncovered very little. I have been unable to ascertain so far whether the printer, J. Cooke, is still in existence.

A letter to the present Vicar of Dixton, which is in Monmouthshire produced the following: "Thomas Bankes was incumbent here from 1770-1805. There are two copies of the work mentioned kept in the Church. The work is dedicated in the manner usual in the period, to Lord James Beauclive who was Bishop of Hereford 1746-1787."

Good luck to the *Guardian*, Newfoundland and her people.

HOWARD O. GOLDSMITH,
Sussex, England.

Editor Atlantic Guardian:

I look forward each month to receiving the 'Guardian', and as a Newfoundlander who has been away from home for several years, I find the articles and stories very interesting, espe-

cially the ones about the towns and villages.

P. C. HATCH.

R.C.M.P.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

Editor Atlantic Guardian:

In August of old '52
I paid for your monthly review.
I awaited awhile
'Till my patience did bale
As I never got nuttin' from you.
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Is yer conscience apickin' at U?

-H. T.

Montreal, P. 2.

Editor Atlantic Guardian:

Miss Frances Marshall, a teacher in the public school at Burin, is listed among the prize winners in the 1953 Travel Contest of *The Instructor*, according to word received from the Travel Editor. Announcement of 103 awards totalling \$1000 is made in the September issue of this widely circulated teachers' magazine published in Dansville, N.Y.

Writing on the general theme of the contest, "Where I Want to Go on My Next Trip, and Why," Miss Marshall chose northern Newfoundland and Labrador as her travel objective.

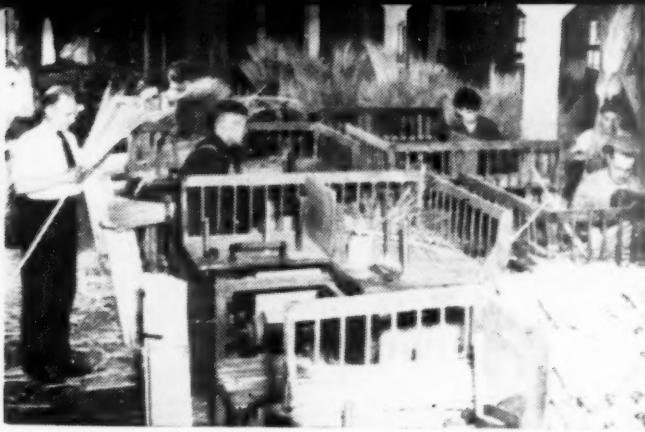
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